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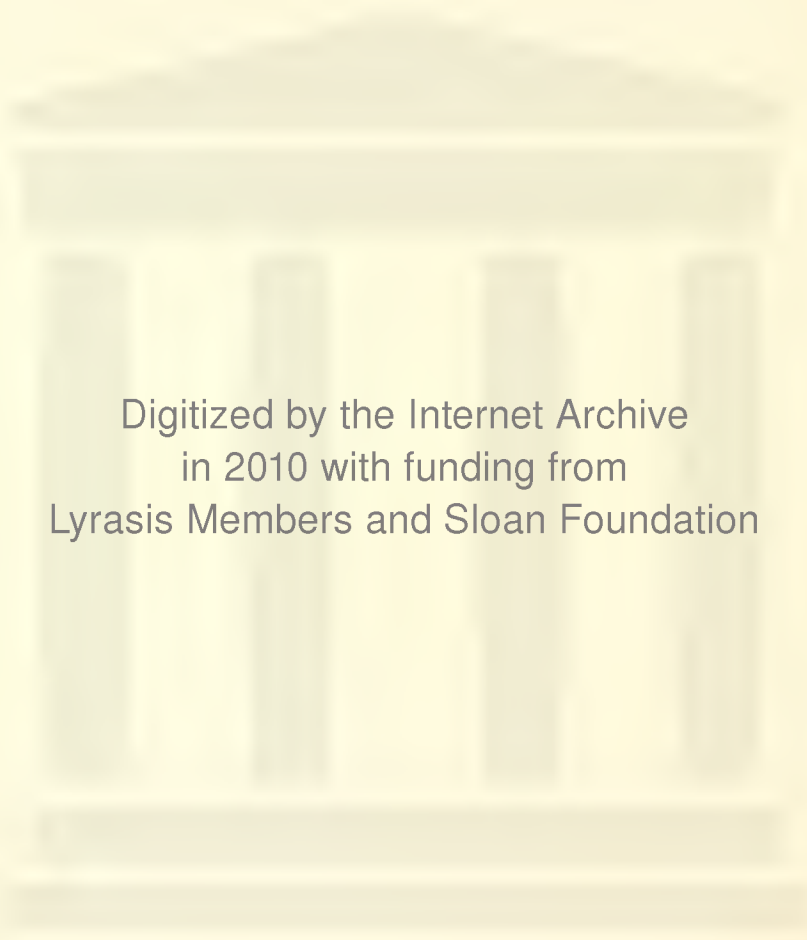
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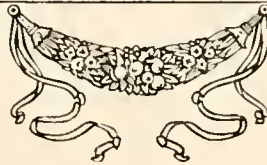


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THE CHILHOWEAN

PUBLISHED YEARLY BY THE SENIOR
....CLASS OF MARYVILLE COLLEGE....



VOLUME II

NUMBER 2

MARYVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1907



DEDICATION

TO

MR. AND MRS. RALPH VOORHEES

WHOSE GENEROUS ENDOWMENT

HAS SO GREATLY AIDED OUR COLLEGE

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

139566

•

TO commemorate some days well spent; to re-incarnate the spirit of loyalty for our Alma Mater; to present to others the varying features of College Life; to celebrate the deeds of glorious varsities; to exaggerate some of the characteristics and habits of our fellow-students and faculty; to perpetuate reminiscences of undergraduate days; with love and charity to all—this has been our task and pleasure. Judge thou, dear reader, in the spirit of our work, how well our task is done.

EDITORS.



The COLLEGIAN

B.

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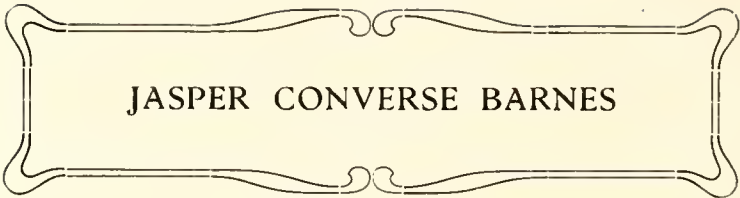
(From sketch by Prof. T. J. Lamar, 1885.)

THE founder of Maryville College was born March 26, 1780, in Rockbridge County, Virginia. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors came from County Down, Ireland, and his great-grandfather and great-grandmother were both at the siege of Derry. At fifteen or sixteen years of age he entered Liberty Hall Academy, now Washington and Lee University, where he pursued his classical studies with diligence and success. He never attended a college, but was remarkably scholarly in his tastes and made the most thorough use of his opportunities. Having resolved to study for the ministry, he placed himself under the care of Lexington Presbytery and began to study theology with Rev. Samuel Brown. Soon his father emigrated to Grassy Valley, in Knox County, Tennessee. Here the son continued the study of theology with Samuel Carrick and Gideon Blackburn, of Union Presbytery, and in 1802 was licensed to preach. In the fall of that year he was installed pastor of Washington Church, in Knox County, where he labored nine years. His missionary and apostolic zeal led him through the mountainous counties of Tennessee sowing the seed of the Word. Thus he came to be deeply impressed with the intellectual, moral and religious destitution of the county, and as a result of these impressions he began to lay plans for meeting the great needs that confronted him everywhere.

In 1811 he accepted a call to become pastor of the New Providence Church, at Maryville, then one of the most important churches of Tennessee. While pastor here he supplied also, for ten years, the Second Presbyterian Church at Knoxville. A few years later his plans for providing educational facilities, so that the religiously-destitute people of the outlying counties might have intelligent preaching, began to take definite shape. Dr. Anderson, together with Rev. Eli Smith, of Frankfort, Kentucky, after a few years of patient labor among sympathizers in the North and elsewhere, established in 1819, at Maryville, the Southern and Western Theological Seminary. This institution existed for about twenty-three years, and from it were graduated many earnest and consecrated ministers, whose labors among the struggling churches of Tennessee and neighboring fields justified many times over the labors and prayers and sacrifices of the founders and supporters of the Seminary. In 1842 the institution was chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee as Maryville College, of which Dr. Anderson was the President until three or four years before his death, which occurred in 1857.



DR. ANDERSON.



JASPER CONVERSE BARNES

JASPER CONVERSE BARNES, son of Abraham and Margaret Welch Barnes, was born in the town of Meigsville, Ohio, August 28, 1861. He spent his childhood days on the farm, and received his primary education in the public schools of his native town and in the McConnellsville High School and Muskingum Valley Normal School. He was granted a teacher's certificate at the age of sixteen, and began teaching the next year, and continued to teach until the spring of 1884, when he entered the Marietta Academy to prepare for college. He entered Marietta College in September, 1886, and was graduated in the Classical Course, with honors, on July 2, 1890.

In the summer of 1890 he was elected Superintendent of the schools of Belpre, Ohio, which position he held until August, 1892, when he was elected Principal of the Preparatory Department and Professor of the Science and Art of Teaching in Maryville College. In 1901 he was transferred to the chair of Psychology and Political Science.

While teaching, and during the summer vacations, Professor Barnes completed the post-graduate course in philosophy of Wooster University, and has done two years' graduate work in the University of Chicago.

In 1890 he was elected a member of Gamma Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Ohio, Marietta College. In 1892 he was granted a teacher's life certificate in the State of Ohio; and in 1905 was chosen a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The following degrees have been conferred upon him: A.B., Marietta College, 1890; A.M., *Ibid*, 1893; Ph.D., University of Wooster, 1900.



PROFESSOR BARNES.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER.

- 4. School Opens.
- 7. Homesick Freshmen.
- 22. Football Game—M. C., 22; American University, 0.
- 29. Football Game—M. C., 6; Georgia Techs, 6.

OCTOBER.

- 2. Football Game—M. C., 6; Mississippi University, 16.
- 4. Professor Long.
- 4. Football Game—M. C., 0; Alabama University, 6.
- 6. Football Game—M. C., 0; Auburn, 0.
- 13. Football Game—M. C., 11; University of Tennessee, 0.
- 19. Athletic Association Entertainment.
- 22. Football Game—M. C., 6; Central University of Kentucky, 4.
- 27. Football Game—M. C., 15; Dahlonga College, 0.

NOVEMBER.

- 6. Dedication of Voorhees Chapel.
- 20. Football Game—M. C., 0; Sewanee University, 28.
- 26. Dr. Briggs.
- 29. Football Game—M. C., 17; Bingham Military School, 10.

DECEMBER.

- 7. Alpha Sigma Midwinter.
- 14. Athenian Midwinter.
- 15. Football Banquet.
- 17. Orphean Musical Company.
- 18. Basketball Game—M. C., 78; Deaf and Dumb School, 20.
- 20. First Term Closes.

JANUARY.

1. Winter Term Begins.
11. Snap Social.
23. Basketball Game—M. C., 58; Emory and Henry, 18.
24. Basketball Game—M. C., 29; Newport, 12.

FEBRUARY.

- 3-15. Revival Meetings.
22. Half Holiday.
28. Dean Southwick, in "Twelfth Night."

MARCH.

7. Alton B. Packard.
12. Examinations Begin.
15. Holiday.
18. Spring Term Begins.
20. *Chilhoweean* goes to press.





THE BOOK OF THE PROPHETS

CHAPTER I.

NOW, it came to pass in those days in the fall of nineteen hundred and three, in the third year of the reign of "Samuel," that a mighty host fled before the face of the band of 1907, and bequeathed unto them their possessions in the land of Mary. For it had been rumored in the regions round about these parts that a Class should come whose wisdom should far surpass any that had as yet been in that land, and whose praises the other classes were unworthy to sing.

Now, when the Class of one thousand and nine hundred and three journeyed the space of three months, behold, this Class did come, as was noised abroad; and it was on the very first day of the third year of the reign of "Samuel," about the eighth hour, that this caravan arrived, and they came up from the four quarters of the earth, even from the distant lands of the North to the remotest borders of the South, and from Italy beyond the sea.

And Samuel, beholding this vast multitude, was greatly pleased, and he wore a goodly countenance.

At this time they all went into the house where they were wont to meet, as was their custom, and the other tribes looked on even with wonder when the Freshman tribe came in, and they all murmured and said, Whence came these?

And the men of nineteen-six, even as one man, did gaze and stare at them exceedingly, for they were sore distressed, and they waxed wroth, and great envy seized them. Whereupon "Samuel," seeing that a strife had risen among them, commanded that the tribes be separated, which was done accordingly, and they went every man unto his own seat; and the tribe of nineteen-seven numbered about thirty and two.

Now, it came to pass that certain of the other tribes went out to view these men, and they were greatly troubled and trembled much; for they saw even afar off that they were strong and mighty men, such as "Big Sam," of the tribe of Sampson, and Frederick, one of the minor Prophets, and "Brig," the son of Zacchaeus, and James the younger, and Taylor, surnamed Sin, and Guigou,

from the tribe of "John," and Foster, from the tribe of Benjamin, and others, which time would fail to speak of.

And these men sojourned not alone, for they left not their maidens behind, and Margaret, and Katherine, and Nell, and Lida, and Pearl, and Cora, and Grace abode in the camp, and kept watch while these men went out and subdued the other tribes.

So, when peace and quiet reigned again in the house, even the Sacred House, "Samuel" rose up and spoke to them after his usual manner; and his speech was filled with much wisdom and learning, and he admonished them greatly, but they harkened not to his voice, and they went their way.

Furthermore, when "Samuel" had left off speaking, one of the sons of the prophets rose up, whose name was Dean, but his name was Waller at the first.

Now, Dean was a great man and a big man, and the Freshmen were amazed and feared exceedingly at his words, for he did also expound the law and plead much with these people to keep the law of the school, but they were as deaf men, and they went their way.

Notwithstanding, Frederick the Prophet led his tribe through divers scenes, and they were greatly chastened and corrected by those who were set over them for their wrong-doing, but the Faculty cast them not off, for they loved them.

CHAPTER II.

And it came to pass also, in the fourth year of the reign of "Samuel," that the tribe of nineteen-seven crossed over into the land of the "Sophs" and drove them out, and occupied their land, and Post reigned in the stead of Prophet. And Post walked not after the manner of Proffet, but trusted his own wisdom, which accordingly he led his people into much wrong and caused them to annoy the Faculty greatly.

Now, some of the tribe of nineteen-seven had departed from us, while men of the other tribes cast their lot with us.

Therefore, Post called the men of his tribe together and commanded them to prepare a large shot with a large 'o7 on it, and about the twelfth watch of the night to put it on the flag-pole on the cupola, then to lock the door and plug the key-hole, and also get some paint and paint all those posts and sidewalks around here, which was done accordingly.

Now, when the night was gone, "Samuel" saw this flag, and knew not what it meant, so he drew nigh, and saw that it was the flag of 'o7, and it pleased him not, and he went up and hurled it down, saying: "Let no class flag float

over us here. We are all under one flag, even the flag of the Orange and Garnet." And the men of nineteen-seven fled, lest he should lay hold on them; but he wist not to this day who hoisted the flag.

And the other tribes would fain have taken this flag down, but they knew not what hour the men of nineteen-seven might come down upon them; so they ventured not out, and it was well.

CHAPTER III.

Now, likewise it came to pass in the fifth year of the reign of "Samuel" that the men of nineteen-six waged war on this self-same tribe whom they had previously driven out, and again the tribe of nineteen-six fled before them, and the tribe of nineteen-seven went in and passed the Junior land, and Queen Nell reigned in the place of Post, who was rejoiced by all.

Therefore, in the very first part of the year there was handed to these many large books by the Faculty, and they were very attentive thereto, and turned from their evil way, and gained much knowledge and wisdom therefrom.

And the Faculty looked on them and saw that they were a jealous people, and they remembered those evils against them no more, and the tribe of nineteen-seven took knowledge of this, and did strive more earnestly to please the Faculty; and they found favor with the Faculty.

At this time there entered the court one who greatly pleased the men of nineteen-seven, Phoebus, surnamed "Pobus." The tribe, therefore, looked up to him, for he was a man of good understanding.

Now, therefore, the end of the year was nigh at hand, and the Faculty looked upon the reign of Queen Nell, and it was a good one.

CHAPTER IV.

So, in the last year of the sojourn of the tribe of nineteen-seven in the land of Maryville they again went up against the tribe of nineteen-six, and drove them from the land, and they went in and possessed, and they ruled over the other tribes whom they had left behind.

Now, therefore, Queen Nell would rule no longer, because her people were a hard nation. "Big Sam," therefore, fell heir to the throne, and he did rule with equity in the sight of all men. So, also, "Mac" was chosen scribe to keep

the records of his tribe, which records remain till the present day, and Sabin was chosen "tithe" master, and he taxed every one severely, insomuch that the whole tribe murmured and said, "Our time is consumed in riotous living," and the Faculty said, "Yea, verily."

It came to pass in the last year of the sojourn of the tribe of nineteen-seven that certain of her sons and daughters turned their backs on their own tribe and took them wives from other tribes. "Brig" sought him a companion among the "Willobites," and "Big Sam" among the "Armlikites." Now, Nell also joined the "Raulstites," and Cora the "Donites," but the others remained true.

It was rumored also of this tribe that they would be greatly missed, for since the day they took up their abode in the land of Maryville they had furnished men for the common army to fight against the heathen nations that came in to crush our teams. They have kept out any foe that might do us hurt even to this day.

And Sam did call his tribe together often, and did counsel them, and did reveal to them many secrets, and they pondered over these things, but they told no man.

It happened also in this same year that Margaret became disobedient and unruly, and it grieved her tribe greatly. Furthermore, the Dean was greatly grieved and vexed, and accordingly he assigned her to the front seat, which she occupies even till now.

The days of this tribe were far spent, and the Faculty, seeing that they were soon to separate and take their journey into different lands, chose two out of the entire tribe, Stanley, to be the spokesman, and Lida, the wise, to stand by his side, they being more free of speech than the rest.

It came to pass, therefore, in the last days of their sojourn that the Faculty took counsel together, saying, "They are all worthy; let us give, therefore, unto each of them his roll," which they did accordingly, and every one received it gladly. And the Faculty said unto them, "We have added unto you yearly such as were fit to go forth with your tribe. And may you go out into the world to be great lights; and may peace and happiness dwell in your midst, and may the tribe of nineteen-seven prosper from generation to generation."

Even so — the words of Foster, son of Jack, are ended.



WALTER METZGER CAMPBELL, Spring City.
Age, 22; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 150
pounds. Alpha Sigma. Will study law.

"The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

GRACE CARNAHAN, Maryville. Modern Lan-
guages Course. Editor-in-chief of *The An-
nual*.

"The glint of the sun in her hair."

CHARLES B. CONVERSE, Morristown. Age, 21;
height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 170 pounds.
Alpha Sigma. Chemistry Course. Expects
to teach.

"A heart so sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find."

WILLIE PEARL CLEMENS, Maryville. Baino-
nian. Classical Course. Will teach.

"Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

FREDERIC ALEXANDER ELMORE, Chattanooga.
Age, 21; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 157
pounds. Captain basketball team '03, '04,
'05, '07; member of team '06; baseball team
'05, '06, '07; football team '07. Coach girls'
basketball team '07. Athenian. Chemistry
Course. Will teach chemistry.

"What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"

LLOYD ELMORE FOSTER, Swainanoa, N. C.
Age, 23; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight,
185 pounds. Captain baseball team '02, '07.
Captain football team '06. President Y. M.
C. A. '03. Manager basketball team '05.
Member College Quartet '07. On baseball
team six years; on football team four years.
Alpha Sigma. Classical Course. Will prob-
ably teach next year, and later enter the
ministry.

"Who can tell for what high cause this darling of the
gods was born?"





CORA F. FRANKLIN, Grandview. Bainonian.
Modern Languages Course. Expects to
teach.

"Maiden with meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies."



JAMES ROBERT GOAN, White Pine. Age, 26;
height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 156 pounds.
Alpha Sigma. Classical Course. Will prob-
ably teach.

"The force of his own will makes his way."



LOUIS PHILIP GUIGOU, Walden, N. C. Age,
24; height, 5 feet 8 inches. Business man-
ager *College Monthly* three years. Alpha
Sigma. Classical Course. Will probably
study medicine.

"Then he would talk—good gods, how he would
talk!"

NELLIE HASELTINE HENRY, New Market.
President Class of '05-'06. Class editor '07.
Bainonian. Latin Course.

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

STANLEY HAMILTON JEWELL, Maryville. Age,
25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 130
pounds. President Y. M. C. A. one year.
Athenian. Classical Course. Preparing for
the ministry.

"Oh, hard when love and duty clash!"

JAMES CLAUDE McTEER, Greenback. Age, 29;
height, 5 feet 10¼ inches; weight, 130
pounds. Alpha Sigma. Political Science.
Will teach.

"Along the cool, sequestered vales of life
He kept the even tenor of his way."





MARGARET MOORE, Hyden, Ky. Modern Languages Course. Expects to teach. Bainonian.

"They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth,
I can bear them witness."

LIDA POST, Maryville. Bainonian. Latin Course. Will probably teach next year.

"Bearing all that weight of learning,
Sightly, like a flower."

ORVILLE R. POST, Maryville. Age, 21; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 155 pounds. Class President '04-'05. Athenian. Classical Course. Will probably teach next year.

"Had you been silent
You might still have
Passed as a philosopher."

FRED, LOWRY PROFFITT, Maryville. Age, 25; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 140 pounds. Alpha Sigma. Latin Course. Will teach next year.

"I'll dare to do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

GUY EARLE SABIN, Johnson City. Age, 21; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds. Alpha Sigma. Mathematical Course. Will study law.

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed."

RICHARD CLARENCE SAMSEL, Tate Spring. Age, 24; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 175 pounds. Alpha Sigma. Political Science Course. Will study law. Member football team '03, '04, '05, '06.

"A silent man, thoughtful.
Grave, serene."





FRANK ECKLE TAYLOR, New Market. Age, 20; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 150 pounds. Member football team '05, '06. Manager girls' basketball team '07. Manager baseball team '07. Business manager *Annual*. Alpha Sigma. Latin and Political Science Courses. Will study law.

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone, and a hank of hair."



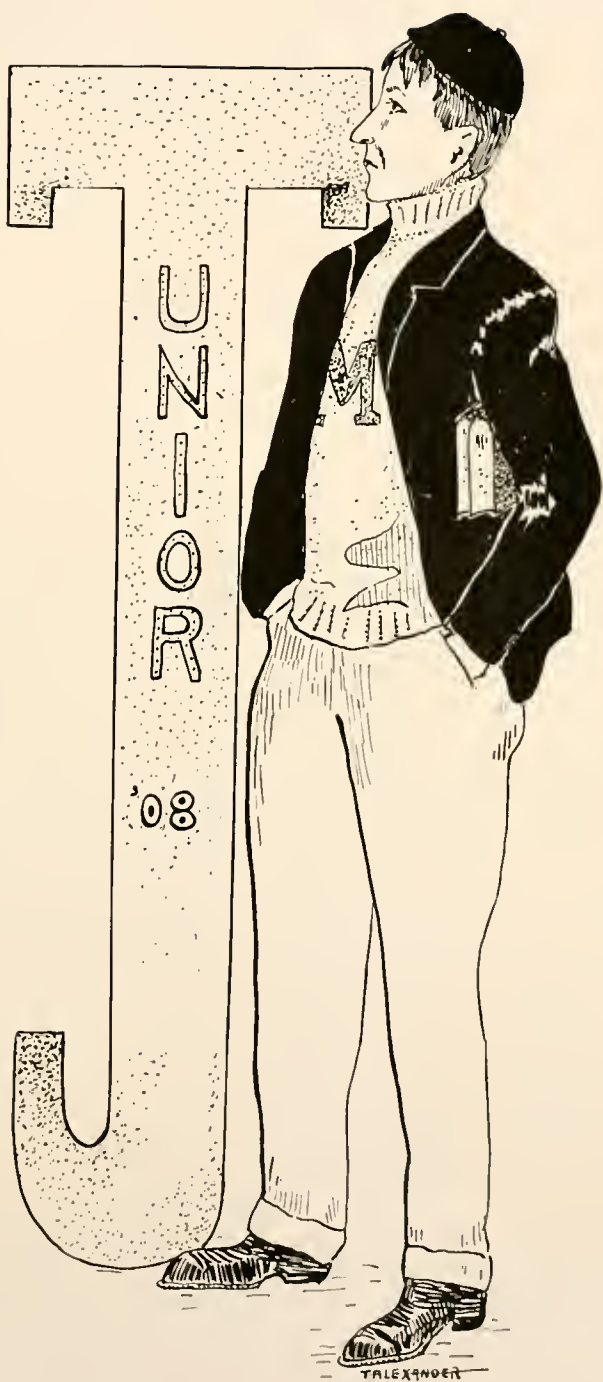
KATHERINE ELIZABETH TOOF, Paducah, Ky. Bainonian. Latin Course. Will probably teach. Member '04, '05, '06, '07 basketball team.

"With all her bravery on."



JOHN BRUCE YOUNG, Ozone. Age, 25; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 115 pounds. Leader S. V. B. '07. Chemistry. Medical missionary.

"Little men have big ways."



GETTING THERE

Or, the Further Adventures of the Good Ship "'08"

PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER —

IF YOU read the last Epoch of the history of the great Class of '08, that the noble passengers numbered eighteen as they launched the good ship "Naught Eight," on the first day of June, into the Sea of Vacation. Ed. Clemens was captain, and with an Easterly breeze behind she Waller(ed) down off her ways, casting Jewel(s) of spray before her.

On the fourth day out, we sighted the battered hulk of the raft "'09" surging aimlessly through the billows, and an hour later the record of her voyage, all of which was communicated to the world in a floating milk-bottle. It was a tale of privation, torture and dissensions unparalleled in the history of the human or any other race, and is calculated to bring a boil in a pitcher of ice-water.

But why detain you, reader, with the woes and lamentations of a derelict raft, when you are so wildly eager for our tale?

Three days afterward, the first mate, Vanden, cried, "Land ahead," and soon the keel of our good ship grated along on the bottom for a spell and stopped high and dry on a beautiful beach. The excited chatter of the crew and passengers, as we leaped ashore to see what kind of a Robinson-Crusoe game we were up against, and were greeted by the jovial Burger of the island, would have made the Tower of Babel seem like a game of chess in a deaf-and-dumb asylum. Down the beach came running the remaining castaways of the "'09" raft, Evans, Mills and McClenahan. Further Converse was hushed until the castaways renounced their attachment to the crew of the wrecked raft and swore eternal allegiance and devotion to the jolly crew of our good ship.

Not many days after that, our ship set sail again out into the Ocean of Vacation, amid the merry rejoicings of all the passengers. About eight belles one night, last year's story-teller and historian, he of the scanty wool and Pennsylvania dialect, began to tell a story. It ran something like this: "During

a quiz under Dean Waller, one day, a youth of the '09 Class whispered to a maiden of the same class, who was stumped, the correct answer to a question in Trig., when the maiden blushed," and "liar" came in a chorus from the assembled Juniors. "Who ever heard of any of that bunch knowing anything about Trig., or if they did, having the milk of human kindness flowing in their corpses strong enough to help another!"

Once we put in a feverish, restless night on board. It turned out that Skipper Clemens' compass had lost its ball-bearings, and he had bunked us wrong. Instead of sleeping with our heads toward Alma Mater, we were actually pointing in the opposite direction, probably toward some infernal Prep. school or U. T.

One morning toward September a joyous screech awoke the crew. Miss Franklin was making a Rank(in) noise on the starboard deck, and the McGinleys hollered Moore, too. They were looking toward a Union Station, and when we shook them and asked them what was the matter, they pointed to a group of four on the platform signaling to us. We took them on board. They were Miss Muecke, Evans, Johnson and Naff, and they said they had drifted about all summer, seeking entrance to that famous fount of knowledge, Maryville College. We had just saved them from a miserable fate, and enlisted them to the crew at once.

The morning of September 4th opened cool and stimulating. The air was heavily laden with an odor of new grassone. "Smells like new-mown hay," said Miss Snodgrass, taking a deep breath. It was the Freshman Class, scattered around. "Land ho!" signaled the lookout. "At last" we cheered as one.

We had arrived back at Maryville. The reception committee was at the K. & A. wharf to meet us. It had been organized by Dr. Wilson, and included volunteer delegates from the following:

Smithsonian Institute,
Faculty of Maryville College,
United States Senate,
Clover Club of Philadelphia,
Hinds & Noble, publishers,
Burr Mackintosh Company,
Board of Trustees of Maryville College,
British Parliament,
International Athletic Association,
Smart Set, New York and Paris,
Legion of the Garter,
United States Regular Army,
Coöperative Boarding Club, and others.

Amid the deafening din of cheers and howls of "How wee How's," the old crew and recruits landed, and were driven to the Hill in the automobiles of the committee. There, in front of the new Chapel, surrounded by the committee and a cheering multitude, Andrew Carnegie, attired in orange and garnet kilts and a Junior bonnet, pinned upon each throbbing breast a bichloride-of-gold hero medal for saving the only fit survivors of the '09 raft and the drifting four.

In behalf of the Class, Miss Goddard, in a voice clear and strong, thanked Mr. Carnegie, and announced that if the Laird of Skibo would furnish half the funds to produce a good 'Varsity in football and a captain for this year, we would furnish the other half and a manager and a captain for next year. Andy hasn't kept his part of the agreement, but we've kept ours.

The next day we established a government and elected the following officers:

<i>President</i>	HENRIETTA MUECKE.
<i>Vice-President</i>	C. R. RANKIN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	FLORENCE C. MOORE.
<i>Class Editor</i>	ESTELLE SNODGRASS.
<i>Editor of Annual</i>	KARL ED. STEINMETZ.

That will be about all.

KARL ED. STEINMETZ.





JUNIOR CLASS.



SOPHOMORE '00

HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THOMAS F. CAMPBELL..... *President.*

Miss ANNA NEIFER..... *Vice-President.*

Miss SARAH FLAKE..... *Secretary.*

ILENCE had reigned long enough on the Hill; student and teacher had enjoyed the summer vacation and were refreshed from their work, when, on the morning of September 5th, the bell in the tower of Old Anderson was roused from her quiet and peaceful slumbers and made to send her voice once more throughout the land, welcoming all back to the work and sport of college life.

This was the beginning of the most prosperous year yet recorded in the annals of Maryville College. It was the time of the greatest rejoicing ever known to the Faculty — when they saw the Sophomore Class returning. They gave us a hearty welcome, and told us to take charge of things at once and see that everything was done well.

On looking about we noticed a little band of people who were frightened. They seemed to be trying to vanish, and were heard to whisper one to another, "What shall we do to be saved?" A close examination revealed to us that it was the Freshman Class. Seeing their miserable condition and hearing their humble request, we granted them permission to enter school.

The first thing of importance that needed our attention was athletics, and in this we did our part bravely and efficiently. We sent as many, or even more men, according to our number, to the gridiron last fall than any other class in school. We furnished two of the eleven that went south to Dixie and won the greatest fame yet known to Maryville football.

When Thanksgiving came and the boys looked back over the past season with so much pleasure, they did not forget to look for a man to be captain of next year's plucky boys, so they asked our "Horny Buck" Magill, who is one of the fastest ends in the South, to accept that honor.

One guard and the manager of the boys' 'Varsity basketball team and one forward on the girls' team are from our Class, and we have bright prospects of supplying some of the most important positions on the baseball diamond this spring.

To keep up the work in all the different departments of the College has kept us pretty busy, but we master everything. There is not much inclination to "grind" or "dig," but some of our boys and girls have been known to do such wonders in the class-room as to cause the astonished teacher to wonder what he could do if all his students were of such a type.

In the societies and associations of various kinds you always find our Class well represented by hard workers and good leaders.

Our career at Maryville is not without some of the troubles and obstacles of college life, but these must all be overcome in some way.

The "Fresh Folks," of which we spoke in the beginning, thought that by forcing one of their members on us they would better themselves and injure us, and if they had been successful, there is no doubt that both conditions would have been true. But thus it was: they took him, who happened to be a measly pig (for they have divers things among them), and deposited him in one of our recitation-rooms. When the Class met on the next morning they recognized the straggler as one of the number from which he came, and took charge of him at once for being on forbidden grounds. When his mates heard his squealings, they realized that he was destined to meet ill fate, and even made vain attempts to rescue him. During the following night and next day he visited certain places in the community, where his appearance was entirely changed, and on the next evening, when supper was called at the club, the Sophomores were feasting on roast pig. This taught the '10's not to try to "run their hog over folks," and they have not been known to do any rash things since.

Looking on the past as gone but not lost, and looking into the future as promising, we press ever forward. With our forces well united and working in perfect harmony we finish another year, and without boast we can say that we look on this as the most successful year we have spent in College. The victories that we have helped to win in athletics, the success in class-room and societies, the existence of a true class and college spirit, and a determination to make our mark in the world, give us good reason to anticipate pleasure and success in the two years of our course yet to come.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.



THE IRISHMAN'S PICTURE

HISTORY OF FRESHMAN CLASS

OFFICERS:

JACKSON SMITH.....*President.*
VERA HALL.....*Vice-President.*
GEORGE SHELTON.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*
W. H. CAMPBELL.....*Class Editor.*
W. H. CAMPBELL.....*Annual Editor.*

COLORS:

Green.

YELL:

Meanness,
Genius,
Hayseed — Squash!
Keenness,
Greenness,
Freshman — Gosh!



NCE Maryville College had a Freshman Class they were proud to call a Class of their school. Through many dark and dreary years the world and the Faculty has waited with patient hope for history to repeat itself. The Faculty had faith. "Oh, Faculty, the reward of thy faith is at hand!" Maryville College in the last few years has received from different

individuals many benevolent gifts, but never in her history has she ever been contributed to so liberally as last September, when the Freshman Class gave itself to the school.

The Freshman Class of 1910 has been a greater honor to Maryville College than any other Class that ever sat in the halls of Anderson. The Freshman Class of this year is an honest and trustworthy Class; if not, why is it that whenever a Senior, a Junior, or a Sophomore want an odd job done, they always trust a Freshman with it?

The Freshman Class of this year has been nobly represented in all functions of the College. The 5th of last September the Freshmen had more men on the gridiron ready to make an effort to support her Alma Mater than any other Class. After the hard weeks of practice had been gone through and a 'Varsity was chosen to cope with the great teams of this mighty Southland, the Freshmen had held their own by giving more men to the 'Varsity than any other one Class.

The same Class of 1910 also gave two men to the 'Varsity basketball team, and will be there with its share when the baseball 'Varsity is chosen, or on Field Day.

While the Freshmen have great physical strength, they also excel in mental ability.

During the past year they have put G. A. Wentworth to shame, as well as "Bull," by showing to him numerous and grievous mistakes he had made in his several editions.

The Freshman Class also has its share among the leaders of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.

The Freshman Class has always maintained a high standing at the boarding club.

The Freshman girls are never behind in anything. They have a majority in the Choir, thus making it very easily seen that we have more musicians than any of the other classes.

Our beloved Sophomore Class was looking forward with great prospects to what Santa Claus would bring them Xmas. To their surprise the Freshman Santa found one of their "would-be" classmates Hallowe'en night astray and in a ditch, and like a good Samaritan helped him out and took him to Dr. Barnes' room on a quiet Thursday morning, with '09 painted on his back. When the Soph. Class assembled for their Bible lesson on this morning, who should greet them but a new classmate in the form of what the "Prodigal Son" was a herder of. He was as fully efficient as they.

This member soon died, and it was his head that hung on the wire before the Chapel, with '09 painted between his eyes.

The Sophs. buried their Hallowe'en-Xmas classmate with many tears. His tomb bears this epigram:

“Gone out of sight,
Died from great fright” of a Freshman.

The Freshman Class is a jolly good class in anyway you take them. The college woods often ring with the merriment of our Class picnics, and our honor is always maintained in anything we undertake

Our Class banner floats in triumph from the College cupola.

If you want to know what is happening in the world, “*Watch us.*”

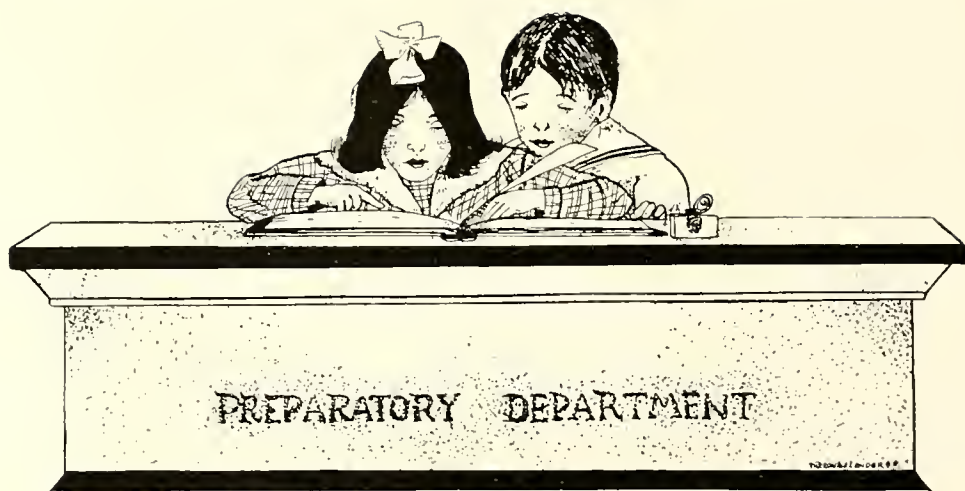
FINIS.





FRESHMAN CLASS.

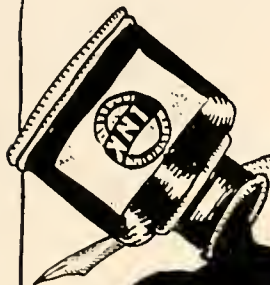






R. YELLE.

PREP. GIRL.



LITERARY SOCIETIES



T. ALEXANDER

ALPHA SIGMA

LONG ago, in those Paleozoic ages, when the oldest member of our Senior Class entered the Preparatory Department of the College, the Alpha Sigma Literary Society differed in many respects from the Society of to-day.

The hall was very plainly furnished, the membership was comparatively small, and the work was all done in one section. But the same spirit of work and enthusiasm, of loyalty and mutual helpfulness, was theirs — that spirit which they have left to us as a most precious heritage.

Progress has always been our keynote, "Onward" our motto, and the history of the Society has ever been that each year's work has transcended the record of the preceding year. And never has this been better exemplified than in the work of the year just closing. Owing to the phenomenal increase in our membership, the Society has for the past five years been divided into a Junior and a Senior section, but the continued increase, especially in the College Department, necessitated this year the creation of still a third section. This Middle section, numbering over thirty members, has held its meetings on Saturday night at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.

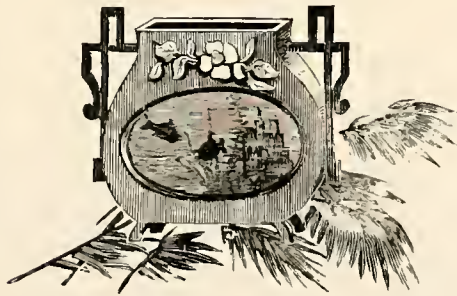
During the year we have placed a beautiful new piano in our already splendidly-furnished hall. This has added greatly to the interest of the programs rendered. Our walls have been further embellished by the addition of a fine picture of the ten strong men which our Society furnished for the Class of '06.

A pleasant incident of the year's work was a visit from Mr. Phil. Taylor, who was with us last year. Mr. Taylor presented the Society with a gavel made from wood from the house occupied by John Sevier, Tennessee's first Governor, also from the old church built by Rev. Samuel Doak, East Tennessee's pioneer Presbyterian minister.

The literary work of the year has been of the highest order, and our programs have been varied by the addition of a great deal of excellent music, both vocal and instrumental. Oratorical interest has been stimulated by a contest for the beautiful gold medal offered by our members of the Senior Class for the best oration delivered.

Our graduates for this year number ten men — men who have been leaders in literary work, in athletics, and in the Christian work of the College; men of whom we are justly proud, and whose records in society work will remain with us as an incentive for future progress.

So ends the chronicle of the year's work, and we are content to close the book and give the verdict, "Well done," satisfied that the Alpha Sigma eagle has soared to greater heights than ever before, and proud of the progress that our Society has made in the first quarter century of its existence.





ALPHA SIGMA MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.

THE ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

HE Athenian Literary Society has been organized longer than any society of any kind in connection with the College. It came into existence through the efforts of nine young men right at the beginning of the reopening of the College after that devastating struggle between the boys in Blue and the boys in Gray.

Scarcely had the battle smoke drifted away over our lovely mountain tops, and vanished in the pure air of our Southern hills, when Maryville College shook itself, figuratively, and brushed the dirt and dust of the country's struggle from its coat and went in to do battle, not with its brothers this time, but with ignorance.

These nine young men realized the courage of the little institution and were in sympathy with its principles, and so to help, and to have part, in this new struggle they organized the Athenian Literary Society. This noble old Society has never been false to the ambitions and principles of its organizers. The Society has ever stood for honest, conscientious work, and has kept before it always the tremendous importance of its work in a young man's education.

How Maryville College has grown since those old days! How, too, has our beloved old Society grown! If old Dr. Anderson could visit Voorhees Chapel some morning at prayers, his emotions would be difficult to conjecture. So if Hugh Sawyer, the first President of the Athenian, could come up the stairs leading to our hall some Friday night and hear the sweet tones of a piano, played by an Athenian, coming from within, and could go in and attend the program, and could see the impressive numbers, and hear the oratory, and feel the pervading Athenian spirit in the beautiful hall, his emotions would also be difficult to conjecture.

Proud we are when we contemplate our advancement, but prouder still we may be when we think of the advancement we are still to make. When all of our members of to-day have gone to meet those original nine, and the members as many years hence look back upon us, may they look back upon as great strides of improvement as we now see we have taken. May they have no cause to think

that we have grown indolent, or that we have failed in any way to uphold the noble principles of our grand old Society.

Although our beloved owl is the emblem of the oldest organization on College Hill, he is not old in one sense. His feathers are not turning gray about the temples and his eye is undimmed by his years of literary toil. His argument on the debates is keen and telling, his oratory strong and fluent, his essays abreast of the times, and his enthusiasm undying.

T. A.

OFFICERS OF THE ATHENIAN

<i>President</i>	O. R. POST.
<i>Vice-President</i>	G. R. SHELTON.
<i>Secretary</i>	D. A. WHITE.
<i>Censors</i>	{ A. A. POST. W. C. DONALD.
<i>Treasurer</i>	W. W. ASTLES.
<i>Editor</i>	THERON ALEXANDER.





ATHENIAN MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.



BAINONTIAN MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.



THETA EPSILON MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The Student Volunteer Band, of Maryville College, was organized October 19, 1894, by Mr. H. Luce, traveling secretary of the movement, and was composed of seven members. Since that time almost fifty have joined the band. Eleven have gone out to the fields. Eighteen are in further preparation. The rest have been refused by different boards, called to home field work, or lost track of.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A. of Maryville College needs no article written to tell of its merits. The work of the year is its best advertisement. And the students have shown their appreciation of its advantages by this fact, viz.: that Bartlett Hall, at the close of the school hours, has been the center of the life of the male body of students. Its reading-room and library have been patronized in a very gratifying way, and the benefits of the shower-baths and locker-rooms have been much appreciated by the athletes of our own and other institutions.

The Lyceum Course has presented a very attractive program, and one that was deeply appreciated by the student-body.

These are but a few of the ways in which the Y. M. C. A. has vindicated its principles.

The religious life of the institution has been fostered and increased by the zealous work of this splendid band of young men. A new spiritual tone has been apparent in the weekly meetings on Sunday afternoon and an increased interest in Bible and mission study. Maryville College has a right to be eminently proud of her Young Men's Christian Association.

OFFICERS, 1907

JACKSON SMITH, '10.....*President.*
HOWARD PHILLIPS, '09.....*Vice-President.*
R. S. DICKSON, '06, U. of P.....*General Secretary.*
E. LODWICK, '09.....*Treasurer.*

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

G. D. SABIN.....*Devotional.*
J. L. GOURLEY.....*Membership.*
HOWARD PHILLIPS.....*Bible Study.*
BRUCE WRIGHT.....*Mission Study.*
HOMER R. HAMMONTREE.....*Music.*



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.



ATHLETICS

THE ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL

F. E. ELMORE.....	<i>President.</i>
A. C. SAMSEL.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Succeeded by W. R. BAYLESS.	
JACKSON SMITH.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
Succeeded by F. L. PROFFITT.	
H. C. SOUDER.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
C. F. HUNT.....	<i>Official Buyer.</i>
Succeeded by R. S. ADAMS.	
PROF. WILSON.....	} <i>Faculty Representatives.</i>
PROF. MATHES.....	
E. F. HARPER.....	} <i>Town Representatives.</i>
DR. J. A. McCULLOCH.....	
W. H. CAMPBELL.....	} <i>Student Representatives.</i>
F. E. TAYLOR.....	
MISS NELL FRANKLIN.....	
CARL BURGER.....	<i>Athletic Editor.</i>





FOOTBALL—SEASON OF 1906

AT THE BEGINNING of the season no definite forecast could be advanced on account of the changed style of play under the new rules. A splendid lot of material, judged by old standards, gathered on the gridiron for first practice, but so much depended upon the ingenuity of the coach that the success of the season was uncertain. Coach Dickson, however, soon proved that he was equal to the task set before him. He entered earnestly into his work and showed great facility in developing plays to take advantage of the revisions.

Nine veterans formed the nucleus of the team and served to steady the new men who won places.

The first game was an easy proposition, but gave the team some good preparation for the game with Georgia Tech., which followed soon after. The most sanguine supporters of the Orange and Garnet only dared hope that Maryville would hold Tech. down to a low score, and the result, a tie, caused great joy and enthusiasm on the Hill.

The day after returning from Atlanta the team left Maryville again for a long, hard, Southern trip, upon which the squad traveled nearly two thousand miles, and played three of the strongest teams in the S. I. A. A., Mississippi,

Alabama, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Although two of the three games were lost, the trip was a success, bringing Maryville before the Southern college world as she had never been brought before. The fact that on this trip not a single man was hurt seriously enough to be forced to go out of a game argues well for the condition and grit of the men.

The glorious culmination of the season was the defeat of Tennessee soon after the return from the Southern trip. The work of the backs was the feature of this game, especially that of Campbell, who ran thirty yards for a touchdown.

Then followed two more victories, won from Central University of Kentucky and Dahlonga.

The worst defeat of the season, 28 to 0, was suffered at the hands of Sewanee, but this was followed by a victory, Bingham being defeated in the last game of the season.

In attempting personal mention of the men, one must praise all alike for hard, consistent and gritty playing.

Captain Foster made possible the interference which won so many games, and called forth praise from all who saw it. His running with the ball was also splendid.

Magill well earned the next year's captaincy, to which he has been elected, by his fine work at left end, both offensive and defensive.

Campbell's work in backing up the line might well inspire the men who played the line positions to wondrous deeds. His offensive playing was brilliant.

Barr's strongest point was his kicking, although he was a first-class man in the other departments of the game. His punting saved the team from defeat more than once, especially in the Auburn game.

C. Hunt, at center, did not make a single bad pass during the entire season. This is a remarkable record, considering the fact that the variety of the plays called for some very difficult passing.

Smith and Bayless, the guards, formed, with Hunt, a center that no team which met Maryville could break.

L. Hunt, substitute left guard, played a brilliant game against Dahlonga.

The tackles, R. C. and A. C. Samsel, played a hard, steady game throughout the season. R. C. Samsel's skill in breaking through the line resulted in two touchdowns for Maryville in important games.

Henry, at right end, was especially valuable in receiving forward passes.

Taylor and Elmore, who played quarter at different times, each ran the team well. Taylor, although light for the position, played a plucky game. Elmore's running back of punts was especially noteworthy.

Steinmetz, as manager, furnished the best schedule ever arranged for a Maryville team.

The spirit exhibited by the scrubs was a great help to the 'Varsity. A practice scrimmage with them called forth greater effort from the men than many of the regular games. The scrubs won both of the two games played by them.

The support of the student-body, an essential to a successful season, was all that could be desired.

Coach.....REID S. DICKSON.
Captain.....LLOYD E. FOSTER, '07.
Manager.....KARL ED. STEINMETZ, '08.
Assistant Manager.....GEORGE W. HOLCOMB.

WEARERS OF THE "M"

L. E. FOSTER.....	L. H. B.	W. R. BAYLESS.....	R. G.
H. E. BARR.....	R. H. B.	J. SMITH.....	L. G.
W. H. CAMPBELL.....	F. B.	R. C. SAMSEL.....	R. T.
F. E. TAYLOR.....	Q. B.	A. C. SAMSEL.....	L. T.
F. A. ELMORE.....	Q. B.	O. R. MAGILL.....	L. E.
C. F. HUNT.....	C.	J. HENRY.....	R. E.

Substitutes.

L. HUNT. A. C. SHEDDAN. A. JACKSON. C. V. BURGER.

SCHEDULE.

Maryville, September 22 —

Maryville22 Harriman 0

Atlanta, September 29 —

Maryville 6 Georgia Tech..... 6

Oxford, November 4 —

Maryville 6 University of Mississippi.....16

Tuscaloosa, November 6 —

Maryville 0 University of Alabama..... 6

Auburn, November 8 —

Maryville 0 Alabama Polytechnic Institute.... 0

Knoxville, November 13 —

Maryville.

University of Tennessee.

FOSTER.....	R. H. B.....	LOUCKS
BARR.....	L. H. B.....	REEDER
CAMPBELL.....	F. B.....	PEERY
TAYLOR.....	Q. B.....	WAYNE
HUNT	C.....	PROCTOR
BAYLESS.....	R. G.....	DOUGHERTY
SMITH.....	L. G.....	RING
R. C. SAMSEL.....	R. T.....	WALTERS
A. C. SAMSEL.....	L. T.....	PAFFORD
HENRY.....	R. E.....	DONALDSON
MAGILL.....	L. E.....	COCKRAN, SPENCE

Maryville 11 Tennessee 0

Referee.....MR. McCLUNG
Umpire.....MR. BACHMAN
Head Linesman.....MR. FOX

Maryville, October 22 —

Maryville 6 Central, of Kentucky..... 4

Knoxville, October 27 —

Maryville 15 Dahlongea 0

Sewanee, November 20 —

Maryville 0 Sewanee 28

Asheville, November 29 —

Maryville 17 Bingham 10

SECOND TEAM

Coach.....S. A. LYNCH.
Captain.....L. L. VARNELL.
Manager.....G. W. HOLCOMB.

SABIN.....R. H. B.	THOMAS, EASTERLY.....R. G.
JACKSON.....L. H. B.	SHEDDAN, BURGER.....L. G.
MILBURN.....Q. B.	CAMPBELL, SHARP.....R. T.
TROTTER.....F. B.	L. HUNT, SHARP.....L. T.
ANDERSON.....C.	ADAMS, HUDDLESTON.....R. E.
L. VARNELL, B. VARNELL.....L. E.	

SCHEDULE.

Maryville, November 13 —
 Maryville Second..... 6 University of Tennessee Second... 0
 Maryville, November 24 —
 Maryville Second.....38 Knoxville High School..... 6

GAMES SINCE 1903

1903 — *Captain*, J. E. KELLY. *Coach*, S. A. LYNCH.

Maryville 0	University of Tennessee.....17
Maryville17	Bingham School..... 0
Maryville24	Asheville School..... 5
Maryville68	Sweetwater Military Institute..... 0
Maryville72	Carson and Newman..... 0
Maryville 6	University of Tennessee..... 0
Maryville12	Deaf and Dumb School.....10

1904 — *Captain*, N. L. TAYLOR. *Coach*, W. E. SCOTT.

Maryville 0	University of Tennessee.....17
Maryville 0	Cumberland University.....45
Maryville 0	Deaf and Dumb School..... 5

1905 — *Captain*, R. H. BEELER. *Coach*, W. D. CHADWICK.

Maryville	5	American University.....	0
Maryville	0	Vanderbilt University.....	97
Maryville	0	Alabama University.....	11
Maryville	0	Cumberland University.....	38
Maryville	58	American University.....	0
Maryville	4	Grant University.....	11
Maryville	0	Grant University.....	10
Maryville	6	Bingham	0
Maryville	45	Carson and Newman.....	0









F. E. ELMORE, '07.....*Captain.*
O. R. MAGILL, '08.....*Manager.*

During the season of 1906-07 the high standard formerly maintained by Maryville has been kept up. Every game of the schedule was won.

The first game of the season was with the Moses Deaf and Dumb School, of Knoxville. The visitors played a plucky game, but were outclassed.

Emory and Henry next went up against the 'Varsity, and suffered a defeat of more than three points to one.

The next and last game of the season was won from the Athletic Club, of Newport.

The fact that the University of Tennessee, which has formerly given us the best games, refused to play accounts for the short schedule.

THE TEAM

ELMORE.....	R. F.	SAMSEL, CLARK.....	R. G.
CAMPBELL.....	L. F.	HOLCOMB.....	L. G.
RANKIN.....		C.	

THE SCHEDULE.

Maryville, December 17 —			
Maryville	78	Deaf and Dumb School.....	20
Maryville, January 23 —			
Maryville	58	Emory and Henry.....	18
Newport, January 24 —			
Maryville	29	Newport	12

SECOND TEAM

GODDARD.....	R. F.	BARR.....	R. G.
KENDRICK.....	L. F.	HUDSON.....	L. G.
RAULSTON.....		C.	

THE SCHEDULE.

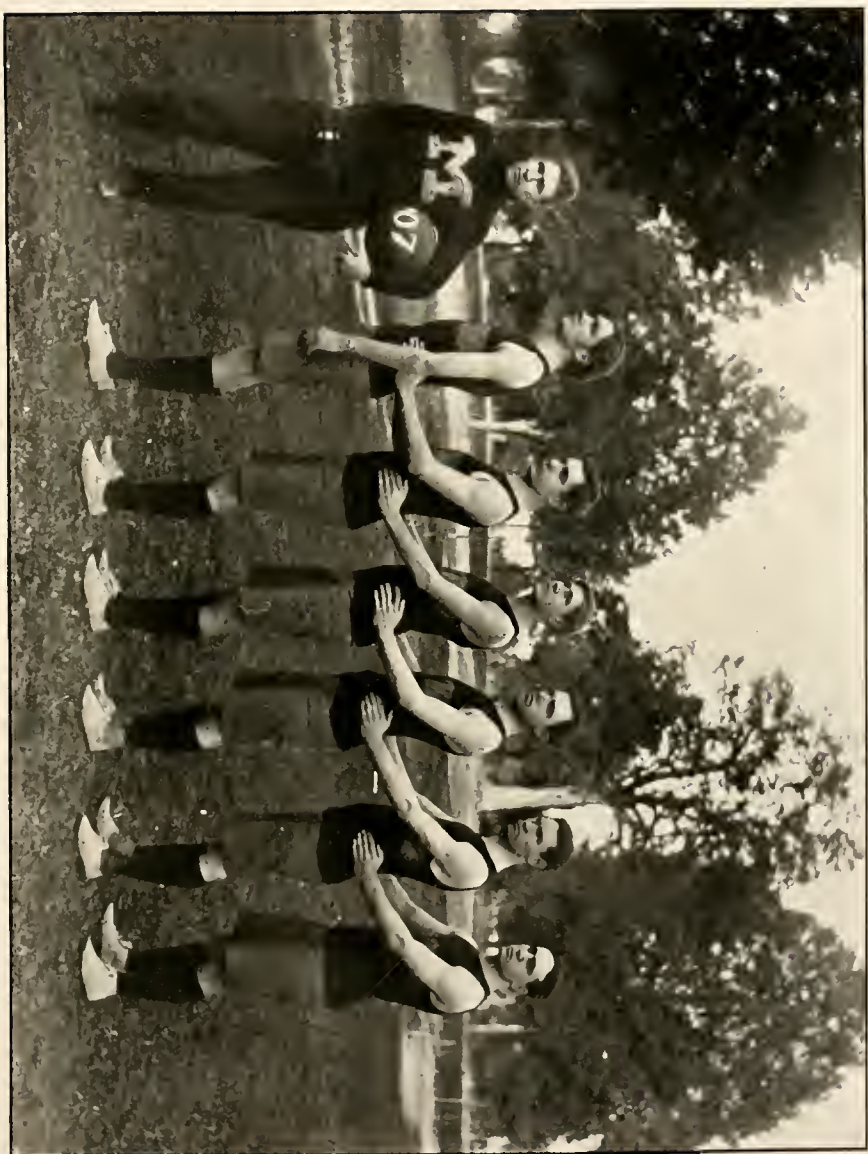
Maryville, January 25 —			
Maryville Second.....	45	Knoxville High School.....	15

CO-ED. TEAM

MISS ANDERSON.....	L. F.	MISS TOOF.....	R. G.
MISS FRANKLIN (Captain)....	R. F.	MISS HACKLEY.....	L. G.
MISS HOUSTON.....		C.	

THE SCHEDULE.

Maryville, February 6 —			
Maryville Co-eds.....	22	University of Tennessee Co-eds...	11





A
Basket Ball
Girl





PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS.



BASEBALL has always been Maryville's strongest sphere in athletics. For some reason or other there is something connected with the "Old Hill" that always turns out for us a superb nine. Probably it is due to the fact that more enthusiasm is shown in this sport, both by the students and the townspeople, than in either football, track or basketball.

Last year's team was no exception to the general rule, and out of a total of nineteen games played, won fourteen and lost five. Her "percentage," compared with the teams she played, would have been .733 — at the top, to be sure.

No mention will be made of the respective merits of the individual players. Suffice it to say that they were all up to Maryville's old standard in baseball, and fittingly maintained the glorious records of the past. Following the usual custom, forced upon us by the fact that *THE CHILHOWEAN* goes to press before the present season is completed, we give last year's schedule:

SCHEDULE FOR 1906.

At Maryville—Mar. 30—Deaf and Dumb School, 2; Maryville, 9.
 Mar. 31—Deaf and Dumb School, 0; Maryville, 7.
 April 4—Emory and Henry College, 7; Maryville, 8.
 At Knoxville—April 6—University of Tennessee, 10; Maryville, 4.
 April 7—University of Tennessee, 5; Maryville, 3.

At Maryville—April 13—Murphy College, 2; Maryville, 5.
 April 19—University of Cincinnati, 3; Maryville, 21.
 April 20—University of Cincinnati, 5; Maryville, 9.
 April 23—Tusculum, 1; Maryville, 9.

At Lebanon—April 25—Castle Heights, 5; Maryville, 3.
 April 26—Cumberland, 3; Maryville, 18.
 April 27—Castle Heights, 2; Maryville, 4.

At Maryville—May 4—Carson and Newman, 0; Maryville, 9.
 May 5—Carson and Newman, 0; Maryville, 11.

At Tusculum—May 9—Tusculum, 0; Maryville, 11.
 May 10—Tusculum, 7; Maryville, 9.

At Milligan—May 12—Milligan, 5; Maryville, 7.

At Johnson City—May 14—Johnson City, 5; Maryville, 4 (ten innings).
 May 15—Johnson City, 3; Maryville, 2 (eleven innings).
 Total—Opponents, 65; Maryville, 163.

THE 'VARSITY

Pitchers—Huffaker, Weaver, Spruell, Fisher.

Catchers—Bevans, Bettis.

First Base—Griffin.

Second Base—Adams.

Third Base—Chadwick, Huffaker.

Short Stop—Elmore, Hawkins.

Right Field—Hawkins, Morelock.

Left Field—Spruell.

Center Field—Foster, Captain.

Manager—J. P. BROWN, '06. *Captain*—L. E. FOSTER, '07.

Coach—W. D. CHADWICK.

THE TEAM FOR 1907

Manager—F. E. TAYLOR, '07. *Captain*—L. E. FOSTER, '07.

Coach—R. S. DICKSON.



TRACK ATHLETICS

CAPTAIN.....O. R. MAGILL, '08.
MANAGER.....E. L. CLEMENS, '08.

FIELD DAY, MAY 18, 1906

BASEBALL THROW.

First—Spruell, 99 yards, 2 feet, 5 inches.
Second—Doggett, 97 yards, 6 inches.

ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH.

First—Magill, 10 1-5 seconds.
Second—Hudson.

PUTTING SIXTEEN-POUND SHOT.

First—Samsel, 32 feet, 3 inches.
Second—Post, 29 feet, 9½ inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

First—Clemens, 20 feet, 2¾ inches.
Second—Doggett, 18 feet, 7 inches.

ONE-MILE RUN.

First—Freidinger, 4 minutes, 58 3-5 seconds.
Second—Converse.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

First—Clemens, 9 feet, 5¼ inches.
Second—Samsel, 9 feet, 3 inches.

HALF-MILE RUN.

First—Tedford, 2 minutes, 30 2-5 seconds.
Second—Campbell.

HIGH JUMP.

First—Clemens, 5 feet, 6¾ inches.

RELAY RACE.

Freshmen vs. Juniors.

Won by Freshmen, 4 minutes, 9 seconds.

POLE VAULT.

First—Clemens, 10 feet, 2 inches.

Second—Post, 10 feet.

Four previous records were broken, three by Clemens and one by Freidinger.

STANDING RECORDS OF THE COLLEGE

BASEBALL THROW.

S. R. Newman, 124 yards (1905).

ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH.

O. R. Magill, 10 1-5 seconds (1905).

PUTTING SIXTEEN-POUND SHOT.

J. L. Jones, 36 feet, 4 inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

E. L. Clemens, 20 feet, 2¾ inches.

ONE-MILE RUN.

W. A. Freidinger, 4 minutes, 58 3-5 seconds.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

T. W. Belk, 10 feet, 5¼ inches.

HALF-MILE RUN.

A. C. Tedford, 2 minutes, 25 3-5 seconds.

HIGH JUMP.

E. L. Clemens, 5 feet, $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

RELAY RACE.

Class of 1903, 4 minutes, 8 4-5 seconds.

POLE VAULT.

E. L. Clemens, 10 feet, 2 inches.

FORTY-YARD DASH.

W. S. Green and D. McDonald, 5 seconds.

SIXTEEN-POUND HAMMER THROW.

S. R. Newman, 101 feet, 7 inches.

DISCUS THROW.

T. Jennings, 102 feet, 1 inch.

ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-YARD HURDLE.

R. L. Houston, 20 seconds.

QUARTER-MILE RUN.

J. R. Clark, 55 4-5 seconds.



M. C. CHESS CLUB

P. W. LYON, M.A., PH.D.

R. C. SAMSEL.

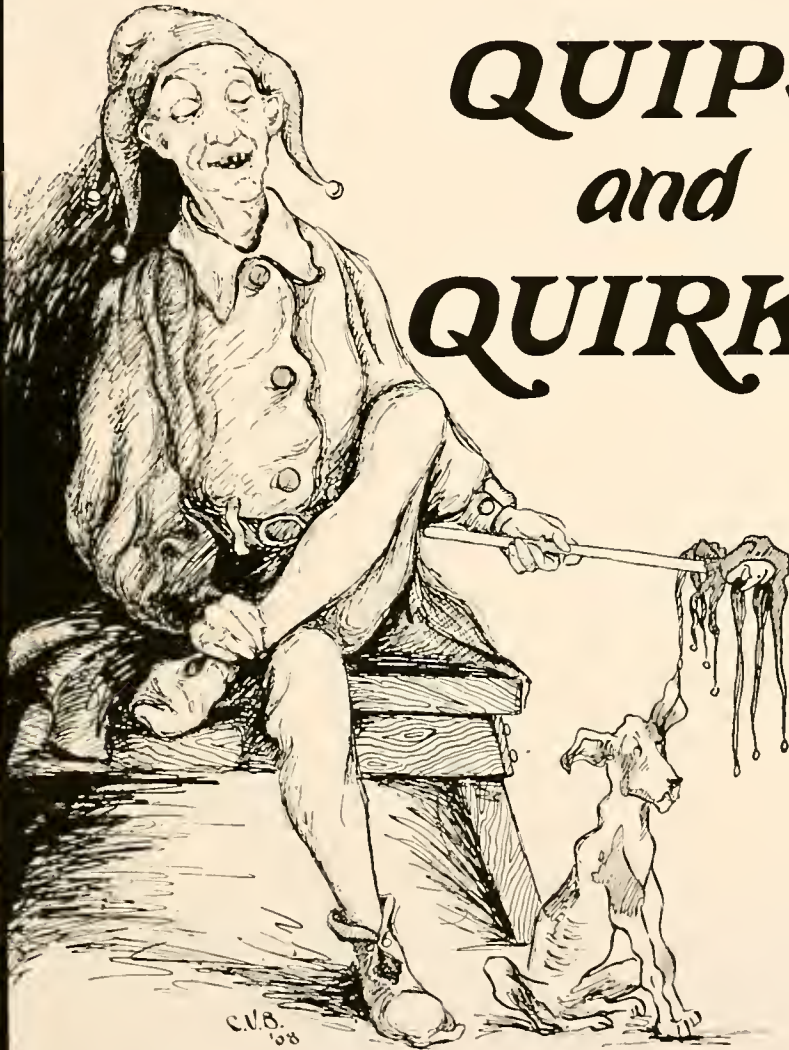
J. B. YOUNG.

G. E. SABIN.

F. E. TAYLOR.

C. B. CONVERSE.

QUIPS *and* QUIRKS



“THE SINFUL RAM”

M. College has a little ram,
A rusty brown in hue.
Do you suppose an M. C. ram
One sinful act would do?

And yet upon a Sabbath day,
When church I was a-shirking,
I found that sacrilegious ram
A-pumping and a-working.

“Oh, can it be!” my comrade cried,
In horror and dismay,
“That Doctor Wilson knows this thing
Doth buck the rules this way?”

“I know it has a heart of iron,
Of fire it hath no dread;
But think how many youthful souls
Astray it may have led!”

“Do you suppose Doc Wilson cares
What course this ram may run,
So long as no one misses church,
As you and I have done?”

“If no one smokes or chews or spits
Upon this campus green,
This ram may bust the Sabbath laws,
As you and I have seen.”

“Come, let us leave this sinful ram
Till brighter days shall come,
And big things drown the little out;
Meantime we’d best keep mum.”

PIPER.

WERE PARADISE ENOW!

RAH for the pater!" shouted Jimmie, as, with open letter in hand, he made a leap for the blue slip of paper fluttering to the floor. "A corker, too, Dick," gazing with dilating eyes at three perforated figures which marked a goodly allowance from an indulgent father. "Twice as large as the last one — and just in the nick of time! 'Oh, waltz me around again, Dicky,'" he sang jubilantly. And seizing the unwilling Dick in his arms, he executed a few steps around the room with elephantine gracefulness, while in gleeful tones he enumerated: "The banquet to-morrow night; the Junior Prom. Friday night; a few dozen American Beauties for Her, with proud emphasis, on Friday morning; five pounds of Huyler's on Sat—"

"Hold on, O deluded son of fortune!" coolly interrupted Dick, who, having managed to extricate himself from the tenacious grasp of Jimmie, now threw himself onto the couch. "You forget, my boy, the relentless figures of your tailor bill, the continuous dunning of the pressing club, to say nothing of the many times I've answered the landlady's rap and querulous 'Und ver ist Herr Blake, yes?'"

A sickly grin spread over the boyish countenance of Jimmie Blake. He mentally cut down the American Beauties to one dozen.

"Oh," exclaimed Dick, with all the exuberance of a happy thought, "did I tell you Nell Fairfield's little brother was here to-day, wanting you to pay for four lost tennis balls and a ruined seven-dollar Spalding racquet? I told Johnnie to call again. Now, in my efforts to keep you straight, old fellow, let me remind you that your dues—"

"Enough," groaned Jimmie, collapsing into a chair. "Cheerful memory, yours," and he glared with savage fierceness at his aggressively-calm roommate.

Dick suddenly sat up, looked at his watch, and whistled. "If there is going to be any cramming to-night, Jimmie," he said, "better round up the fellows."

A resounding bang of the door marked the departure of ruffled Jimmie.

Dick rose, shoved his hands into his pockets, and strode to the open window. He looked out into the night. A nearby street light flickered its rays over his

face, revealing his features to be strong and clear cut. His massive head was firmly set on broad, well-built shoulders; his whole frame bespoke an athlete of the finest type. The slightly-protruding chin and the sharp, penetrating glance from steel-gray eyes indicated a temperament in keeping with his remarkable physique. And it was his unconquerable, dominating spirit and determined, masterful will that had won the respect and admiration, not unmixed with awe, of his fellow comrades. If ever Dick Dawson met an obstacle, a seemingly unsurmountable obstacle, in his path, with characteristic stubbornness he would grab it by the throat and choke it into unwilling but complete submissiveness.

But when Dick met the Girl, some months previous, he found himself ruled and swayed by some hitherto unknown and irresistible power. When it came to telling Miss Dorothy Brown of the admiration and adoration that surged in his manly breast, he choked and stuttered like a mere schoolboy in the first throes of his puppy-love — he was surely a conquered Dick.

The warm sweetness of the night breathed upon his face and filled him with tender longing. The words of Omar Khayyám came to him with a newer, sweeter significance.

"A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread — and thou beside me singing in the wilderness — oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!" "But the hopelessness of it," he moaned. "Had I the bank account of my friend Jimmie, and the lucrative business that is waiting for the dictations of that Ferris-wheel brain of his, matters would have been settled long before this. Instead, I have to hump up against the world: if I make a flunk of it, none to encourage; if I should happen to succeed, no one to praise! He gazed stubbornly out into the quiet mistiness of the night in the direction of the house of the Girl. "But if I knew you cared," he continued, vehemently, "why — 'were Paradise enow.'"

His meditation was abruptly ended by the noisy entrance of Jimmie and Seniors to study for the morrow's examinations. After the boys had settled themselves comfortably in window seats, in chairs, on cushions, and on the floor, with general attitude of feet pointing upward, questions were fired with the rapidity of Gatling guns.

Jimmie took the lead and asked questions noteworthy for their vagueness and obscurity. "Don't know," retorted Jack Forest in reply to one of Jimmie's rising inflections. "Look it up," commanded the latter, with all the authority and severity of an aged professor.

"Look it up yourself," growled Jack; "you're the one that's wantin' to know."

"But, old man," Jimmie expostulated, "it is for your enlightenment as well as for my own."

"Fire away with another one," demanded some one.

"Who was Justin Martyr?" with renewed energy.

"He was the chap who—"

"What century?" went on Jimmie, not waiting for an answer.

"Well, let's see," drawled Brewster from the window seat, rubbing his hand over his face and clutching his hair with his fingers, in inimitable mimicry of that worthy Doctor of Theism.

"While Brewster is thinking this out we shall partake of light refreshments," broke in Gingy. With good-humored sarcasm at this gentle thrust there was a general laugh as the boys uproariously caught at the pieces of chewing-gum with which they were being pelted by the generous Gingy, who in a sing-song voice was saying:

"Once a man who was courting a maid,
But to kiss her was always afraid;
Gave the lady a chew
Of our taffy-tulu,
And she gladly consented to trade."

"I've got it!" yelled Brewster, with more zest than usual.

There was a quick lull of voices.

"Got what?" asked some one.

"The century."

"Out with it, then."

"Fourth."

"Hum! doesn't sound familiar," granted Gingy. "Dawson, you've been as mum as a clam to-night. Get up steam and look this up in a hurry."

Dick smiled good naturedly. A quick fluttering of leaves and he read: "Justin Martyr, born in Palestine, near the site of the ancient Sichem. In Ephesus about A. D. 135." There was a quick penciling of notes. "Had been an adherent of the Platonic—"

"Sufficient," howled Gingy.

"Let's rest," Brewster suggested, thumping his head wearily. "Gingy, who are you going to take to the Prom. to-morrow night?" blissfully ignoring his grammar.

"Miss Wright. And you?"

"Most chawming girl imaginable," and Brewster closed his eyes, smiling with demoniacal gleefulness.

"Who is she?" was shouted in chorus.

After a few moments of impressive silence Brewster stole a look at the unsuspecting Dick, and then said earnestly: "Miss Dorothy Brown."

The effect was that of a bomb shell thrown into their midst.

"Dorothy Brown!" they echoed, glancing apprehensively at Dick, who, though apparently unmoved, had unconsciously flushed, and an intense light was burning in his eyes.

Dick was thinking rapidly. It was as though a rude shock had suddenly awakened his sense to the realization of the uncertainty of his relations with the Girl. The perspicacity with which he was naturally endowed enabled him to keenly appreciate his position and the move he must make — no other than to come to an understanding with Miss Dorothy. That he had been a stupid, stuttering idiot in the past was no reason that he should continue in that dumb state. His quick resolution was so relieving and reassuring that it was quite the Dick of old who said:

"Well, fellows, Brewster may not be such a lucky fellow in choosing a girl for his next Prom."

This jarring note, felt by all, caused them to get down ink with apparent seriousness and applicability, but in reality they were wondering at this outburst and its possible meaning.

Books were soon closed and the boys dispersed to their respective rooms, leaving Jimmie and his roommate in unwonted silence. Finally Dick, unable to hold in any longer, burst out impetuously:

"Jimmie, old man, what is a fellow to do when he loves a girl, and all he has to offer her is a senseless old sheepskin and his own worthless self?"

Jimmie grinned and studied the ceiling intently.

"Well, Dicky," choosing his words deliberately, "screw up your courage to such a point that you'll *burst* if you don't ask her."

"Sound advice, if a bit inelegant," muttered Dick to himself.

Jimmie removed his eyes from the ceiling, assumed an air of importance, and addressed Dick with manly directness:

"Behold me, not even armed with a sheepskin, yet I popped the question" — he stopped impressively.

"And—?"

"She accepted me!" his chest expanded with pride.

"Lucky fellow," murmured Dick, walking to a gold-framed picture of a lovely girl. He met the pair of laughing, taunting eyes with steady seriousness.

"Dorothy Brown," sternly, "I am going to make you care for me, and before I leave my old Alma Mater I am going to have your 'yes' to make me the happiest man in the universe."

The peaceful slumber of tired Jimmie was disturbed in the early morning hours by a strange mumbling of words. He opened his eyes, to behold his roommate sitting up in bed waving his arms expressively in the air. He thought to hear the eloquent words of Dick's commencement oration; instead, "And then

beside me singing in the wilderness" fell on the ears of the long-suffering Jimmie.

"Oh, forget it," groaned that unsympathetic individual as he sleepily sought refuge beneath his pillow.

It was Commencement day. The university grounds were crowded with the usual merry bevy of friends and relatives. Even Nature seemed to be rejoicing in the eventful day; the birds were twittering and trilling in praiseworthy competition with the band playing on the campus, and whose music was almost drowned by the hum and clatter of so many happy voices; old Sol was shining down his brightest rays, making the girls in their festive dresses appear dazzling visions of fluffy whiteness.

The gay throng wove in and out, dotted here and there with a black-robed Senior wearing his unaccustomed apparel with comical clumsiness.

Dick was "hail fellow well met" on all sides. His jovial manner and ready wit brought him hearty responses of laughter. The fact that the time for delivering his oration was fast approaching did not disturb Dick. But far more appalling was the more difficult and presumptuous task of persuading a young lady that in him lay her only means of joy and contentment, her only source of future happiness.

"Scared, old man," squealed some one at his shoulder.

Dick started at this unexpected onslaught and apparent divination of his thoughts.

"Ye—s," he stammered, then quickly recovering himself, answered: "Oh, no, not a bit."

At the close of the graduation exercises there was a confusion of handshakes, laughter, and congratulations. Dick acknowledged as many as he was pressed to, all the time elbowing his way to a pretty brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who was patiently waiting for him.

"Let's out of this," he whispered tragically in her ear upon reaching her. And with a woman's quick intuition she smilingly led the way to a side exit and out into the clear sunlight. After walking in silence for some moments he skillfully veered her into a path that led to a most delightfully secluded part of the campus. Dorothy congratulated him on his splendid oration and ability in that line, after which desultory remarks were exchanged until they came to the cool, shady spot of nature's own device. They sat down on a rickety, rustic bench, and Dick let his diploma fall to his feet while his courage rose to the dangerous point which Jimmie had so wisely suggested.

The distant hum of voices and happy laughter came to them as sounds far away. A warm, dreamy loveliness surrounded them.

Dorothy looked with pretty indifference at everything around her. Dick looked with anything but indifference at Dorothy.

"Dorothy," he said at last, as his big hand completely inclosed hers, "I haven't anything but a sheepskin—"

"Sheepskin?" gasped Dorothy, with a startled, searching glance at Dick.

He kicked the parchment suggestively. "My diploma."

"But, well, I—I don't understand."

Dorothy could be deplorably obtuse at times!

But Dick, undaunted, went on: "Dorothy, I love you."

There was a tremulous silence, then:

"Dick," with seeming irrelevance, "what is that verse of 'Omar—somebody,' you are always saying to me?"

"A book of verses underneath the bough?" inquiringly.

"Yes, that's it."

"Jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and—"

"Just what does that mean, Dick?" she broke in ruminatively. But noticing a gathering frown, she said quickly: "But go on."

"And thou beside me singing in the wilderness." He stopped and looked at Dorothy with tender earnestness, but Dorothy was looking away.

"Dorothy, look at me."

Finally she turned her glorious eyes to his, and what he saw in their marvelous brown depths made a great wave of happiness sweep over him. Everything seemed hushed for one beautiful moment, and then it was Dorothy who whispered: "Were Paradise enow!"



"AND THOU BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS"

“IF I WERE PREXY”

O, if I were Prexy, boss supreme,
Of this most famous school,
I'd boss or bust, I'd raise the dust,
I'd show them how to rule.
I'd make my name, I'd spread my fame,
I'd sell my "Mountaineers"
By putting 'tween my pages keen
Pictures of "Baldwin dears."

O, Doctor Wilson, O, Doctor Wilson,
O, Doctor, please tell me true,
Ain't you aware our co-eds fair
Would advertise for you?
Don't you believe that you'd receive
Orders till you would faint?
I'd do that, too, if I were you,
Dear Doctor, but I ain't.

O, if I were Prexy, boss supreme,
And always had my way,
I'd cut a dash, I'd stop that hash
At Baldwin Club to-day.
A rule I'd frame, and I'd ordain
That eating should be free
To one and all who play football
Upon the 'Varsity.

O, Doctor Wilson, O, Doctor Wilson,
O, Doctor, now tell me right,
Don't you agree grub should be free
To those who make the fight?
Don't you maintain that those who train
Should dine without restraint?
I'd do that, too, if I were you,
Dear Doctor, but I ain't.

O, if I were Prexy, boss supreme,
Of Faculty and all,
I'd build a pool of water cool
In under Bartlett Hall.
I'd make trustees take notice, please,
There ought to be a pool
For us put in ere we begin
Another year of school.

O, Doctor Wilson, O, Doctor Wilson,
O, Doctor, we'll tell you straight,
We're back of you in all you do,
And think you are doing great.
Your troubles, too, are not so few,
But you make no complaint —
Where I'd skiddoo — for I'm not you,
That's why I'm glad I ain't.

Ed. S.



KNIGHTS OF THE FEAST

SIR KARL EDWARD STEINMETZ.

RECORD—8 bottles coca-cola, 3 bowls of force, 1 dozen eggs (boiled), 3 pounds beefsteak (with butter), 1 cup milk, and 3 mince pies.

SIR LLOYD FOSTER.

RECORD—5 half-fries, 4 coca-colas, 6 pieces pie, 1 quart milk, and a little (?) chicken.

SIR HORNEY BUCK.

RECORD—9 eggs (fried), 5 ham sandwiches, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, 4 loaves bread, 1 pint Heinz ketchup.

SIR FRANCIS TAYLOR.

RECORD—4 half-stews, 3 glasses milk, 1 dozen pickles, 6 sandwiches, 8 eggs (hard fried), and 7 glasses of milk.

SIR WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

RECORD—1 quart beef tea, 3 cups coffee, 4 bottles coca-cola, 5 eggs, 1 roast hen (with dressing), and 2 ice creams.

STANDING RECORDS AT M. C.

LORD TOM BROWN, '03.

RECORD—2 pounds beefsteak, 26 eggs, 3 half-fries, 4 cups milk, 7 mince pies, 6 saucers ice cream (with cake). Side dishes, pickles, bread and butter.

LORD JOHN BROWN, '06.

RECORD—21 eggs, 2 quarts ice cream, 1 pound sausage, 9 sandwiches (tongue), 4 half-stews, 3 bowls force (*a la mode*).

HOPE

Though rage the winter e'er so wild,
In fiercest wrath defiant,
Though strew the ice and snow the while,
Yet comes the spring in triumph.

Though pile the mists the sky along
To thwart the sun in heaven,
Yet shall her rays to brightest song
The earth one day awaken.

Then blow, ye winds, and rave with might,
To me 'twill bring no sorrow ;
With softest footfall in the night
Comes spring to bless the morrow.

Then wakes the earth and laughs anew
In brightest green to heaven —
Knows not what power of magic through
Her every pulse is thrilling.

She weareth garlands gay in her hair
And hastes o'er path of roses,
To loose from winter's clasp so drear
The brooklets in their courses.

Then peace to thee, O grief-bound heart !
Though bitter winds pass o'er thee,
A spring of joy must heaven impart
From winter's thrall to free thee.

Though sorrows fast may o'er thee roll
And storms sweep up in anger,
Let heaven's decree sustain thy soul —
The spring must follow winter.

—*Translation from the German.*



CHARACTERISTIC
ATTITUDES
OF FAMOUS
PEDAGOGUES
TOLD IN
RHYME AND
PICTURE



LA AMERICANITA

WHAT strange, weird music it was! It had an underlying theme of unsatisfied longing, a half sadness, that a sigh would express coldly and a sob would express rudely. The minor melody, now low, caressing, strangely sweet, now faster, higher, wilder, now shrieking madly, then dying away to a little despairing sob, carried and sustained the dancers till they were conscious only of rhythm. The whole world was rhythm.

How different was this "danza" from the steady thump-thump of the two-step music to which she danced at home. How commonplace at that moment seemed the sweet, slow waltzes which had seemed perfect to her before now.

The music ceased, and Don Pancho was walking beside her. He was speaking to her swiftly. "La Americanita" could not understand all the words he spoke, but she caught his meaning. She answered him politely in pretty, broken Spanish, half encouraging him in the spell of the moment; but they were interrupted by the opening strains of a waltz and the arrival of her partner for that dance.

Don Pancho left her with a formal bow, saying: "I kiss your feet, senorita." Don Pancho was always formal.

Six months before Vivian Gray had left her home in a prairie town in Indiana to become a teacher in the Government schools of Puerto Rico. From the moment she went on board the southbound steamer she seemed to be living in a dream. She was impressionable in the extreme. As the ship moved along, all the new elements, the sea, the unbroken horizon, the ship motion, and the strange faces gave her a sense of exhilaration, seemed to lift her up and out of the common, ordinary world in which she had been living, and introduce her to a new, wider, and more idealistic world.

When they came in sight of land, the beautiful mountains, with their heavy gray haze, the intense vivid green of the valleys of sugar cane, the deeper green of the water through which the ship was plowing, and the bright sunshine over all served to increase the spell. Nor was the half-enchantment dispelled by some months of residence in the island. Her work lay in Arecibo, a picturesque sea-

port town. Dona Mercedes, with whom La Americanita boarded, petted her, and taught her Spanish. The towns people, though they hated "Los Americanos" as a nation, nevertheless speedily formed a strong attachment for "La Americanita," and the school children adored her. Accordingly the girl found herself peculiarly happy and contented in the strange country.

Chief among her admirers was the nephew of Dona Mercedes, El Senor Don Pancho Quinones. He was merely the completing element of the new environment. His influence over her was similar to that of the sea, and the mountains, and the cane fields, only it was stronger.

After the night of the dance La Americanita grew troubled. She had been reared in a very conservative way, in a town which was strictly Protestant. Don Pancho was Catholic, radically Catholic. As the girl thought about the matter, it seemed to her that she might give up her friends, her customs, her country, and even her language, for Don Pancho, but she could not reconcile herself to the thought of giving up her religious beliefs. Accordingly, she would commit herself no farther, and became stolidly indifferent when Don Pancho tried to convert her.

"Senorita, have the goodness to promise me one thing," he said one day.

"Que es, Senor? What is it?" said La Americanita.

"Promise me that your honor will go sometimes to the Catholic Church. There your honor will hear the sermons of the priests. There your honor will learn much more about our beautiful faith than I can teach."

"But, Don Pancho!" she said prettily, "perhaps I don't want to learn."

"Ay, dios mio!" he said in despair.

A few days later La Americanita stood at her window, absent-mindedly gazing out upon the busy street. It was Good Friday, and school has been closed for the day. As she looked, a young girl and her mother came out of the house across the way, bearing prayer-books in their hands, and turned in the direction of the church. La Americanita watched them till they turned the corner, then turned impulsively, put on her hat and gloves, and followed them.

She stood a moment thoughtfully on the massive church steps; then with an impatient gesture, as though putting down old prejudices, she turned and entered the dark, cool church. Coming in from the brilliant sunlight, she could at first distinguish nothing more than that here and there were candles burning. A heavy, intoxicating odor of incense greeted her. From the organ above came sweet, minor strains of music. As the girl's eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she could distinguish figures here and there kneeling on the stone floor. She glided along a side aisle, that she might disturb no one.

As she was passing an altar she was suddenly attracted by a large oil painting. It was a three-quarter length portrait of Christ, done by Des Angles.

Close by burned a candle, which cast weird flickering lights upon the picture. The wavering light, instead of detracting from the beauty of the picture, rather added to it. The girl was irresistibly held, charmed by it. Upon the soft hair was a crown of thorns. Across the left shoulder was borne a massive cross. The cords and muscles of the neck and of the hands, clasped about one arm of the cross, stood out in prominence, showing the weight of the cross and the toil of the bearer. The dark eyes had a strange light in them; with the flickering of the candle the expression seemed to change; at times they seemed to be looking into some other world and to receive a reflection of some divine glory. The next moment they changed; the far-away look disappeared; He was present, alive, full of sympathy, love and forgiveness. But ever they were strong eyes, firm eyes, commanding eyes.

La Americanita stood and looked long; then she turned away into the darkness and knelt down on the cool stone floor. But if she prayed, it was a wordless prayer, an unexpressed petition. She was thinking. This was the place where Pancho wanted her to worship; it was a beautiful place; there, perhaps, before that altar she would kneel down to receive the priest's blessing on her marriage. Why might she not worship here as sincerely and earnestly as in any place?

Soon she realized that many people were gathering in the church. She rose and stood back against a large pillar.

The great, barn-like doors of the church were thrown open, letting in a still greater mass of people. The sunlight shone in, and the broad daylight fell upon altars gaudily adorned, painted in gold and silver, and decorated with red and yellow paper flowers — fell upon the images of saints with staring, waxy eyes and weak, expressionless faces.

La Americanita's face grew troubled.

There was a stir near the main altar. A procession was moving down the main aisle. A priest, "el padre cura," headed it. La Americanita noticed that he had a low forehead, narrow, glinting eyes, and a heavy, sensual mouth. Instinctively she hated him. Following the priest were four boys carrying lighted wax tapers, and behind them eight men, carrying a table-like altar upon their shoulders. Upon the altar was a hideous, tottering, wax image, representing the Christ bearing the cross. A band outside the church door awaited the procession, and La Americanita could hear the strange music playing as the procession wended its way through the plaza.

The church was quickly emptied. But La Americanita stood still. Again she was thinking. What numbers of these people seemed to be doing homage to this big wax figure rather than to the spirit it was supposed to represent! These figures were shams; the paper flowers were shams; the priest was a sham.

What was all very beautiful in the dusk has become but a horrid mockery in the broad daylight. She dared not look back at the picture of the Christ for fear it, too, would be spoiled.

With the shock a feeling of repulsion came over her. At that moment she almost hated Puerto Rico, and for the first time she was homesick. She was glad that but a few weeks of her school term remained.

"Mi Senorita, your honor has made me very happy. Your honor has come to my church at last." But the glad light in Don Pancho's eyes quickly faded when he saw her face.

"Yes," she said, coldly, "but I don't like your church."

He made her a courtly bow as she turned and moved toward the door.

But she came back. "Don Pancho, forgive me for speaking so. I, too, am sorry that I do not like your church." And this time she went she did not return, but passed out the door.

The "San Juan" was to sail at nine. Arecibo had no wharf, so the steamer lay out in the bay about three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Boats were plying back and forth; flatboats, carrying great sacks of sugar, were coming out with their final loads; little rowboats were busy bringing out passengers and taking back the friends of those about to sail; now and then sailboats passed with merry pleasure parties. It was fast growing dark. From the upper deck La Americanita watched the scene.

When it was near sailing time she saw the tall figure of Don Pancho coming toward her along the lighted deck. She went to meet him.

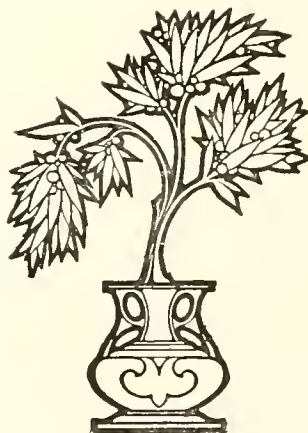
"I have come," he said, "to say good-bye to you, senorita mia. If your honor should ever come back to the West Indies, you will find me waiting. If your honor never comes, then I shall always be waiting." Then, as the signal came for the non-passengers to leave the ship, he continued in his grave, dignified manner: "Dios te guarde a ti! mi alma!"

And she answered softly as she gave him her hand: "A dios, Don Pancho."

A few minutes later a small boat shot out from the blackness beside the ship headed shoreward. A ray of light from a porthole fell upon it for an instant. Don Pancho was standing erect in the little boat, his head bare and his face turned toward the deck of the already-moving ship. Then the darkness swallowed him up once more.

La Americanita remained on deck till they were far out at sea. Most of the passengers had gone to their staterooms.

To the west, low in the sky, hung the southern cross. The moon had not risen, but the stars glittered all the more brightly for her absence. Presently in the distance appeared the long rows of lights of some other passenger steamer. La Americanita watched them as they drew nearer. When the two ships were opposite, a long, hoarse whistle sounded from the "San Juan," and faintly across the waters came the answering salute. La Americanita watched the lights till they passed out of sight, then roused herself and went silently to her stateroom.



THE SCIENTIFIC SENIOR

"Indeed this must be the habitat
of the Lycopodiales Pterido-
phytis Miss Green told us about."



"To bee or not to bee
That is the question."



"!!!-!!!-!!!-!!!"



Theron Alexander

FOOTBALL FAME

A thrilling hush falls on the crowd,
Two minutes left for play;
The score stands even six and six;
Will Crawford save the day?

The goal is forty yards away,
Can he drop-kick so far?
He smites the ball — it rises true —
See! It has crossed the bar.

The game is done, the crowd goes wild,
Loud laud they Crawford's name.
No hero of Olympic days
Received more glad acclaim.

* * * * *

All through that day of glorious strife,
Unheeded and unknown,
An idol of the bygone days
Had watched the game alone.

Could it be that a poor ten years
Had dimmed his one-time glory?
That all his deeds on this same field
Were a forgotten story?

How in the year of nineteen-six,
When on that team he'd played,
Victory succeeded victory,
Goal after goal he'd made.

This Crawford by a single kick
Had charmed the fickle crowd.
To-morrow still another name
They'll praise with plaudits loud.

Thus in the Halls of Football Fame
There's room but for the few.
Old heroes soon must stand aside
To make room for the new.

And this in all life's gamesome ways
The athlete's sorry lot,
To-day, bumped, bruised a little, praised —
To-morrow he's forgot.

PIPER.





One day a Freshman so green
Ariding this pony was seen;
Said he, "He's just great
With the easiest gait.
But he'll send me a cropper I ween—
(A flunk on exam I mean.)"



Sophomore learned and wise
With spectacles gracing her eyes
Said, "On Physics I dole
And I know Horace by rote."
But when she hits Logic, with surprise,
The hair on her head will all rise.



The Junior is a guileless creation
With a head swelled up like the nation
But he's always jollie
Bubbling over with glee
If he flunks upon examination
He just smilingly quotes "more application."



This Senior, dear friends, tho' a sight,
Is yet in her mind quite right.
She has studied the lore
Of ages of yore
And has traced the sun in his flight,
Knows Venus and Mars by sight,
That's why she looks such a fright.)

—Theron Blissard



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The past year was its best. Its enrollment was 631, of whom 154 were collegians. Maryville is an East Tennessee institution, and had 505 students from Tennessee; it is a national institution, and had 126 students from twenty-eight other States and countries.

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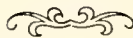
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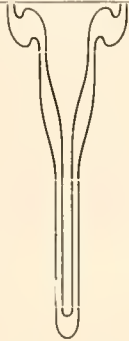
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Total assets, 1898.....	91,613.60
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Total assets, 1904.....	194,278.38
Total assets, 1906.....	286,786.37

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